King Art thou indeed?
Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne,
King Darst thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two enemies.
King Why there thou hast it two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel I meane those bastards in the tower.
Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And soone ile rid you from the feare of them.
King Thou singst sweet musicke. Come hither *Tirrel*,
Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare, *he whispers in his eare.*
Tis no more but so, saie is it done,
And I will loue thee and prefer thee too.
Tir. Tis done my gracious lord.
King Shal we heare from thee *Tirrel* ere we sleep? *Enter Buc.*
Tir. Ye shall my lord,
Buck. My lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demand that you did sound me in.
King Well, let that passe, Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buck. I heare that newes my lord.
King Stanley he is your wifes sonnes. Wel looke to it.
Buck. My lord, I claime your gift, my dew by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of Hertford and the moueables,
The which you promised I should possesse.
King Stanley looke to your wife, if she conuay
Letters to Richmond you shall answere it.
Buck. What saies your highnes to my iust demand.
King As I remember, Henrie the sixt
Did prophecie that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peeuish boy:
A king perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My lord.
King How chance the prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me I being by, that I should kill him.
Buck. My lord, your promise for the Earledome.
King Richmond, when last I was at Exeter,
The Maior in curtesie showd me the Castle,

And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I started,
Because a Bard of Ireland told me once
I should not liue long after I saw Richmond.
Buck. My lord.
King. I, whats a clocke?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promisd me.
King. Wel, but whats a clocke?
Buck. Vpon the stroke of ten.
King. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Whie let it strike?
King. Because that like a Iacke thou keepst the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buck. Whie then resolue me whether you wil or no?
King. Tut, tut, thou troublest me, I am not in the vain. *Exit.*
Buck. Is it euen so, rewardst he my true seruice
With such deepe contempt, made *I* him king for this?
O let me thinke on *Hastings* and be gone
To Brecnock while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tyr. The tyranous and bloudie deed is done,
The most arch-act of pitteous massacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and Forrest whom I did suborne,
To do this ruthles peece of butcherie,
Although they were flesht villains, bloudie dogs,
Melting with tendernes and kind compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:
Lo thus quoth Dighton laie those tender babes,
Thus thus quoth Forrest girdling on another,
Within their innocent alablaster armes,
Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalke,
Which in their summer beautie kist each other,
A booke of praiers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth Forrest almost changd my mind,
But ô the Diuell there the villaine stopt,
Whilst Dighton thus told on we smothered